

VALERIE

VOL 3

HE KNOWS
WHAT HE'S
DOING



Arabella

But you're
Not tonight

pretty
you're
making me

Maybe
later

My
dad

No
so
but

girl

I'm on
my period

Stop

asking me

your mouth
still works

family is
deep

I'm
tired

We haven't

had sex in two

weeks

have sex
tomorrow

rape stick

Kay

FILM* REVIEW

ADOLESCENCE (2025)



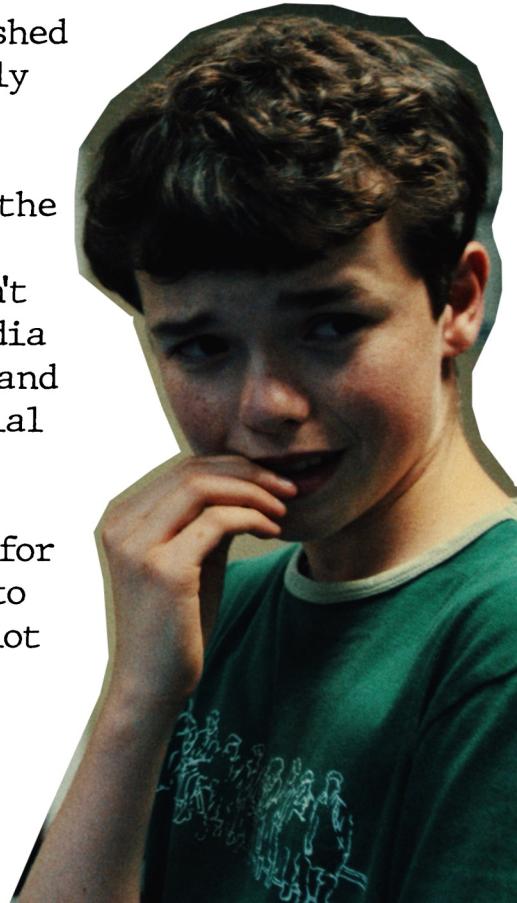
this show makes me really, really fucking angry. it's hard for me to review this seriously, in fact, because of how angry it makes me. going into this, i was worried it would be too sympathetic to the murderer; i don't know if my concerns were validated or not. i feel like they were. because my thoughts boil down to this: i am so, so incredibly tired of everyone sitting down and proverbially jacking each other off about these poor, young, misguided boys, who have been groomed or manipulated into hating women, because every time we do that we remove accountability. we live in a culture that is desperate to remove accountability from men whenever possible. a culture that looks at itself and asks how are we failing young men? instead of how are we failing young women?

because i will look anyone in the eyes and tell you that women are the ones who are being failed. women are the ones being murdered and raped and abused. what do we see of katie, of her life and struggles, in the show? nothing. she died. she was mean to a boy and died. those are the only two things we know about her. (three, if you count our knowing that she was sexually harassed and humiliated.) men aren't the ones suffering, they're the ones perpetrating violence, and they get sympathy and biopics and hot chocolate with marshmallows, are you fucking kidding me?

it makes me sick. it really, really fucking does. i finished the show and cried not because i felt bad for his family but because i am so so angry that even when we try to bring attention to the despicable violence women are subjected to, the only ones who ever get attention are the men. never the victims. sure, a girl got murdered, but why? why? because men hate women, that's why. i don't fucking care if you think it was because of social media or parenting or whatever, it's because men hate women and we need to stop making excuses for them. it's not a social media problem, or a parenting problem, this is a male problem. regardless of their age or race or religion or ability or anything. it is all men. and if all it takes for a man to murder a woman is someone being a bit mean to him—well, then i think women need to get a hell of a lot more violent.

Maxine

*miniseries



"When a man says he is being abused by a woman, you should assume he is abusing the woman in question and wants your help to keep her in line."

In domestic violence training for EMS and law enforcement ~~the~~? speaking detectives said they've seen men intentionally beat themselves in the face to incriminate their female victim when she calls 911.

They're so confident in their tactics because it works on law enforcement, which is permeated with misogyny.

They discussed how male abusers will buddy up to first responders and play victim, because they know from experience that it often works.

Once an abuser accuses his victim of "mutual abuse" it may also become impossible for her to get a restraining order against him, because judges will think "well it's unfair to grant only *one* restraining order in this situation, and giving them both restraining orders is so messy and complicated, so I'll just verbally warn them both to leave each other alone."

An abuser's best protection against consequences is muddying the waters, spreading disinformation, and hurling so many accusations against his victim that people give up on ascertaining the truth, write the whole situation off as simply too messy and confusing, and ultimately make a gut decision about who to trust- usually based on which person seems the most calm, happy and unbothered, and most willing to just put the whole thing behind them. This will of course be the abuser; he feels smug, victorious and in control, and does not have to deal with any of the terror and pain and desperation and injustice that he has inflicted on his victim.

Men protect men. 'Every man loves men before they even tolerate women.'

A father is always good at breaking bones
Leda Glass

Where did you learn to find
The tender virgin spot –
Last waifish wave
To be thrust upon the rock?

Did it grow within you,
Like nacre on the wound,
Yet unnamed, un-faced,
A shapeless bruising bloom?

I wonder, is that why,
You could not let it live –
Did it look too much like you,
An encore you could not give?

Was the creation painful,
Did it steal too much rib –
Were you lustful or resentful
Of the siren in the crib?

Was innocence too bright,
A clear, inviting pond –
Were your bloody hands exposed,
When you plunged them in the fronds?

Waters yet unsullied, yes,
Can only mean one end –
Was that, then, why you sought
To break and not to mend?

Woven by your hand
And tangled there within,
Made you the perfect man
To unravel naïve skin.

It is easier, indeed,
To break that which you know,
You met the filicide
Before the embryo.

When water is a mirror,
A father cannot look –
He will break you into oceans,
Your veins into a brook –

You see, he knows it well –
The power of man's flood –
So if you're to be unclean,
He'll be sure it's from his blood.

the things i've heard / i just want to be loved

A.P.

you're so accepting of touch

this is love

this is what it means to be loved

you should accept it, it's how i show love

you don't want me to love you?

fine, i won't.

no, it's okay we won't have sex anymore

no, that's what you said

no, you said you don't want it so we won't

if we keep going are you gonna cry rape?

see, it's the same thing all the time.

i didn't know you didn't want it.

i don't like when you go statue.

i just forgot. it won't happen again.

i forgot again.

i'm sorry, i keep mixing things up.

when will you let me stick it in there?

not even the tip?

i just want to see what it's like.

if you don't want it you shouldn't be naked.

you look so fuckable walking around in that nightgown.

you look so fuckable while chopping vegetables.

this is love.

fine, i won't show love to you anymore.

don't you want to be loved?

"Examine: Communication"

Vane Vander

mayvandeday.org

"The solution
is communication,"
Key and Letter insist
as I lay in my bed
wishing I was dead
because my performance review was less than perfect.
I know I was able to absolve
myself of one stain: "There were two calls.
I told you that day
that I'd made a mistake
and needed another chance to do right.
Ding me if you will if you felt my actions were unnecessary,
but I did what I thought was right
and in my notes I did not lie."

My teenage words may have met you, O Father,
with love reprehensible and vile disagreement,
but I hardly think they deserved the long-term isolation
from my friends, my support network,
my feeling of self-worth.

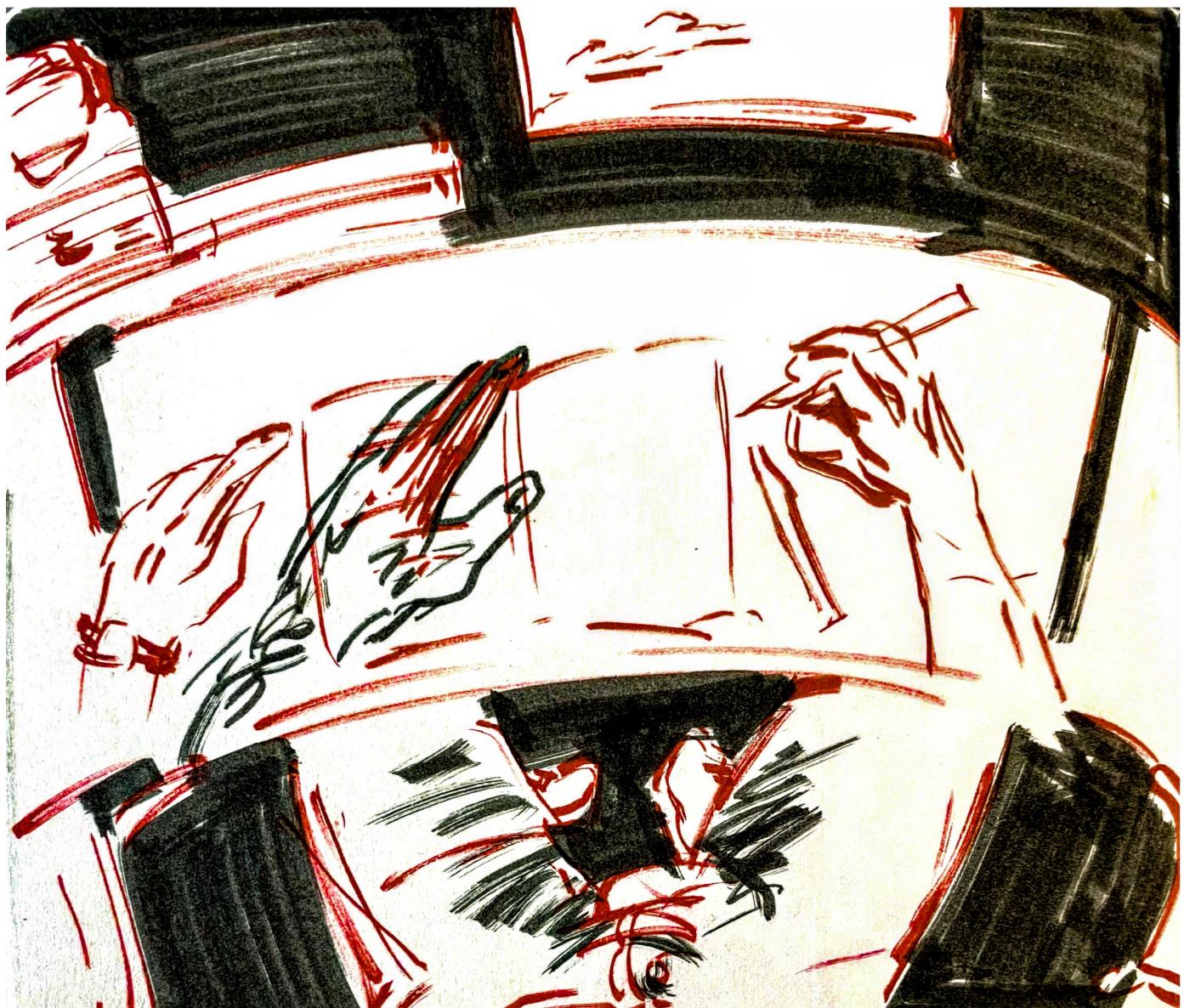
I feel like I've once before lodged this complaint,
but as long as I'm climbing down Yewiffe I might as well say it again:
you took no action that I could see
when my brother was stewing in misogyny
and other fun things in the annals of the Internet,
but I published one innocuous poem
about a relationship that happened to be lesbian
and you treated this as if I'd written a screed full of hate speech.

No child should have to live in terror of their parents.
No child should have to listen to the stairs' footsteps
and determine who is coming down, if the person's safe
or likely to yell "bad cop" and take all the child's things away.
You look at kids nowadays
making fools of themselves with their full face
front and center in the camera's view on full display;
I was using a *nom de plume*
and only writing what I thought was good and true.
I did what I thought was right. And in my words I did not lie.

Interview almost a year ago. Future lead asked me
to about anything that held personal value speak.
Anything at all, so long as I made it interesting.
So I told her about my explorations in the darknet
and how I felt it a personal mission to protect
these lonely places in the wires, these avenues for speech
segmented from the main network and hard for search engines to reach.
Like *The Runaway Bunny*, but this time rewritten as horror:
no matter what countenance I took, my father always lingered
just a little bit away,
tiger hiding in wait
for the bunny-in-disguise to make one simple mistake
that would justify being so carelessly devoured.
You choose what to you means more:
visible to others on the Internet's billboards,
or living without fear someone'll show up at your front door
or punch out a window or call your boss at your job
because you had the gumption to say something unorthodox.

Mother,
you hired too many tigers
and now the bunny is out of your reach forever.
Curse me if you will if you resent my will as mine,
but I have my own compass to follow. I must do what I feel is right.





I work with horses, and I have faced workplace harassment from men in the company and not even my mentor believed me. He said "I just don't think that he can do that", since he "Is my friend" and other harassment apologia. From now on, I don't trust my mentor as much about anything he shares with me. I knew that men love to excuse actions of other men, but hearing it from a person I look for guidance on was heartbreakingly disappointing to me.

These sketches were drawn at the peak of my depression and suicidal tendencies. I use art to get out what I can't tell, and I will forever remember how I was hallucinating my childhood friend forcefully penetrating me with his fingers, pulling me apart and standing in the room with me - all while I was trying to focus on my lessons. I was having a panic attack in the public toilet, and nobody could emphasise with me, nobody could tell me that I would be alright. My mom thought that I was "mature enough" (thirteen years old) to know and not let a boy abuse me, but I let myself be raped only to try to force myself to be like everyone else and abandon my yucky and disgusting "lesbian thoughts".

YSSY

Single incident events usually have a clear beginning and end.

and end. and end. and end. and end. and end. and end. and end. and end. and end. and end.

Once the event is over, survivors can reach a place of safety and may be able to seek help and recover. However, Complex Trauma is ongoing, or repeated frequently, so there is little time to recover. Complex Trauma often occurs in secrecy, so the person is unable, or afraid to talk about it and get help.

This hurt won't, won't go away.

*This hurt won't, won't go away
away*

This hurt won't won't go away

of Escape

what cannot be said, will be wept...

Depersonalization:

She does not
recognize herself
in the mirror. She
has been held
captive for a long
time and she does
not know what is
real and what is
not.

her
courage,
strength
and heart,
beyond...



pecan grove road kitty robinson

I used to wear body glitter
I used to be a little girl

easter sunday blue and white
sailor dress front yard tree

bunny my brown bunny
my white bear nail polish

private parts scissors
panty hose in toddler size

fairy dust around my neck
tennis ball back yard

striped couch dense fabric
worm snake around the barrel

rusty car gears wasp nest
sting memory story teller

bb gun wonder if it hurts
forever if it lasts forever

crushed bed no breath
skydancer disappear

bury fish bone back yard
taylor dog horned toad

honeysuckle sweat shirt
long day red dirt hammock

chain link crabapple tree
pucker sour dig mud hole

alone not alone I was alone
not alone. I wore body glitter.

abuse is
not
an
expression
of love

Abuse Is Not An Expression Of Love

Iota Aurigae.

Fifth grade. Token weird kid. Friends with the werewolf girl.

A good target.

I don't remember exactly how they picked on me. Just that they did. The fact that I do not remember it very clearly leads me to believe that it was, for the most part, harmless teasing.

They were boys, three of them. So, when I told my mom about them, she comforted me in the only way that she knew how to.

The age-old adage. "They're only doing it because they like you."

So, I did what any socially unaware 11-year-old would do. I asked them if they liked me.

They laughed at me, of course. At least it confirmed that they did not, in fact, like me.

Now, eighth grade. A skinny boy looked at me and made a circle with his fingers in front of his crotch. A weirdly placed "OK", or harassment?

That didn't matter. He punched me in the shoulder after I gave him the middle finger.

A question weighing on my mind. Had he only been teasing me because he liked me?

"He's only mean to you because he likes you."

Hobbes teases Calvin about his obvious crush on Susie. So, Calvin throws a snowball at her face. Or, he is the president of a one-man, one-tiger club excluding her. You get the idea.

The notion that boys pick on someone when they have a crush does a few things.

It is not just a pitiful excuse for their bad behavior. It primes girls to accept harassment later in their lives.

Think about it. An abusive boyfriend or husband will often say that he is only committing the abuse out of love. That, or he will love bomb her after the fact, leading her to believe that he cares about her.

A woman who was told as a girl that the boys who bullied her only did it because they liked her will be more likely to put up with abuse, because she believes that it is his way of expressing his love.

If I lived in Bill Watterson's comic strips, I would take Susie out for ice cream. That poor girl had to put up with so much shit from Calvin. I would sit her down, and I would tell her:

"He does not do it because he likes you. If he really liked you, he would not harass you. You are not a punching bag for boys with behavioral issues."

Boys who like girls do not bully them.

Men who love women do not abuse them.

Look. Abusers groom their witnesses as much as their victims-- this is a known fact. But what does it mean? How does that work?

It means that my father is funny and charming around outsiders. He spouts feminist beliefs and votes democratic. But he still abused my mom and I.

It means that one of my former best friends confessed that even after years of me detailing the abuse and having breakdowns in front of her -- she did not believe my father hit me. She said she struggled to believe me because she had "no evidence" that he was capable of abuse. His jokes and political statements outweighed my trauma. My experiences didn't count as evidence to her.

It means when my mother finally opened up to her parents about the extent of what we went through, they were shocked.

It means when I was freshly an adult and considering going no contact with my father, multiple extended family members told me "he's still your dad".

It means I was told by an outsider that I was just being dramatic. That my anxiety and depression were clouding my sense off reality and that every teen hates their parents.

It means that abuse is a choice. He knew how to control himself, how to act better. But he chose to abuse us when no one else could see.

Abusers use their charms, their humor, their smile-- every pleasant skill they have. They hide the worst of themselves, and make everyone believe the best of them.

Crystal

interacting with men under patriarchy is this: men have a gun in their hand and they are pointing it at you. they weren't born with the gun in their hand, but by the time they were boys it'd been placed so firmly and their fingers bound so tight that the skin is fused. every man they knew was always pointing the gun at any woman they talked to, so they do too, and not very many people think much about it, because that's just the way things are.

some women name that men have guns in their hands and are pointing at us, and start talking about how that affects the interactions we have. some women start talking about all of the women who've been injured or killed with the male weapons. men, mostly, do not like this. they say things like - "it's not my fault i have a gun in my hand!" "i've never shot anyone with this gun!" "men have always had guns in their hand!"

some women want to help the men get rid of the guns, and some men seem willing enough. these women spend a large amount of time, energy, and genuine care explaining to men that there's a gun in their hand, and why women are frightened and angry about this. with intense effort, some men try to stop pointing their gun at women.

the problem is this: the gun won't come off. it can't. it can't be surgically removed, it can't be scraped off, it can't be willed away. even if a man isn't pointing his gun at you, it will still always be in his hand, no matter how much you love him or he loves you.

this is why i choose to live a female centered life, aspiring towards female separatism whenever practical. there are men i care for, but they're holding that gun, and as someone who's been injured over and over, i can't act like i'm not in the presence of someone who's dangerous and holding a weapon around them. or if i do, it's just that. acting.

discovering what it's like being around just other women was a paradigm shift. yes, women can pick up weapons and hurt each other, absolutely, and they do regularly. but i've seen many more women put down those weapons [and put down a few myself] in a way that i don't believe men as a class are capable of doing.

Kitty Robinson

THE OPERA HOUSE (ENG)

Robin G

The producer welcomes you to our lovely opera house. See the excerpts from our current productions below to help you decide what you want to watch. Make sure to stick around at the end for a message from our owner!

[TITLE THE SCHOOLGIRL IS NOT INVITED TO THE PATIO]
[GENRE: BURLETTA]

WIFE:

Do you recall the old school teacher, the one that was accused of assaulting one of his students? He's very old now but has enough left in him to be friendly with my niece's husband. She doesn't know what to do, she wants the old school teacher faraway but the husband is insistent on befriending the old man!

HUSBAND:

(Laughing) Oh please! It happened so long ago, besides it was only one schoolgirl right? Your niece should just let it go, let the husband have his friends!

NARRATOR:

Eventually the niece and her husband reached a compromise. The old school teacher and husband could be friends but only on the patio.

[TITLE: A FOUR-COURSE DINNER]
[GENRE: ZEITOPER]

DAUGHTER:

I don't see why we can't just invite only Aunt and not Uncle!

MOTHER:

(Sighing) Uncle is just... he doesn't let your aunt stray too far from home if at all. One time her work permit was about to expire and she had no way of getting to the immigration office in time. Your uncle said there was no way he would drive her. I eventually helped find transport but see how unwilling he was to let her go for something so important? A restaurant is out of the question!

NARRATOR:

The daughter never knew how oppressive her uncle was until that moment. Not once did this come up during her childhood. However all the older women in the family have been aware but have been carrying on with no fuss.

[TITLE: A MONSTER LURKS IN THE DOLLHOUSE]
[GENRE: LOKALPOSSE]

L.L. , A 15 YEAR OLD GIRL:
Cece raped me! I was four and he raped me!

NARRATOR:

L.L.'s mother had never expected to hear such a thing when picking up her daughter in the aftermath of a teenage rebellion. The mother never dreamed her daughter would accuse another family member of abusing her. L.L. sneaking out of her home and trying alcohol was supposed to be a fun memory to look back upon once L.L. 's mother had gotten over her worry and anger. It was not supposed to be this world ending statement.

L.L. 's mother recalls what she knows about Cece: 33 years old, never held down a job, still lives at one of the family homes. His sisters have said they were all uncomfortable around him growing up.

L.L. 'S MOTHER:

(With her hands trembling as she reaches for her daughter) I will call my husband's sister in law* she is a lawyer she can help us.

NARRATOR:

No charges were ever brought to Cece. Everyone in the family knows what he did. He still resides in one of the family homes. It was decided that it would be best for L.L. and her mother to avoid the family homes, until things settle down. When will things settle down for L.L.? How many family gatherings and holidays must she endure with her rapist?

(*A direct quote this writer had heard. If the writer were to guess, L.L.'s mother is referring to the wife of her husband's brother. As the wife is not related to L.L. 's father by blood, then to L.L.'s mother she is not a sister in law, she is only the sister in law of her husband.)

Message from:
Opera House Owner,

The characters in the works above see no reason to make excuses for male violence. It's everyday life for them. The schoolgirl that was raped is no less of an unusual occurrence than laughing at a joke you heard. The controlling husband is no cause for alarm, in fact all things considered he's not the worst of the family. Rather than make a full scandal over Cece, it's best to let things cool down and then resume normal family life. What family doesn't have a pedophile or two?

No need for any of these events to be noteworthy.

But for you dear patron, when choosing what opera to watch this humble owner asks that you keep in mind the ways women fight against this ordinary lifestyle.

Thank you for coming to the opera house and we hope you enjoy our productions!

[Genres listed:

Burletta - Italian style of opera, used for comedic and satirical works.

Zeitoper - German style of opera, translated as "opera of the times", works include references to modern technology and settings

Lokalposse - German style of opera, works center around daily life.

Note to our patrons: All excerpts above are in the style of verismo - realism, real life events.]

THE OPERA HOUSE (SPA)

Robin G

El productor les da la bienvenida a nuestro encantador teatro de ópera. Lea los extractos de nuestras producciones para ayudarle a decidir lo que quiere ver. Asegúrese de quedarse al final para ver un mensaje de nuestro propietario.

[TÍTULO: LA ALUMNA NO ESTÁ INVITADA AL PATIO]
[GÉNERO: BURLETTA]

Esposa: ¿Recuerdas al maestro de primeria, el que fue acusado de violar a una de sus alumnas? Ya es un viejito, pero le queda lo suficiente para ser amigos con el marido de mi sobrina. Ella no sabe qué hacer, quiere que el viejito fuera de su hogar, ¡pero el marido insiste en hacerse amigo del maestro!

MARIDO, RIENDO:

¡Oh, por favor! Pasó hace tanto tiempo, además sólo fue una alumna ¿no? Tu sobrina debería dejarlo estar, ¡que el marido se quede con sus amigos!

NARRADOR:

Al final, la sobrina y su marido llegaron a un acuerdo. El viejito y el marido podían ser amigos, pero sólo en el patio.

[TÍTULO: UNA CENA DE CUATRO PLATOS]
[GÉNERO: ZEITOPER]

HIIJA:

¡No veo por qué no podemos invitar sólo a mi tía y no al tío!

MADRE, SUSPIRANDO:

Tu tío es... no deja que tu tía se aleje mucho de casa, si es que lo hace. Una vez el permiso de trabajo de tu tía estaba a punto de caducar y no tenía forma de llegar a tiempo a la oficina de inmigración. Tu tío dijo que de ninguna manera la llevaría. Al final le ayudé a encontrar transporte, pero ¿ves lo poco dispuesto que estaba a dejarla ir por algo tan importante? Un restaurante ni hablar.

NARRADOR:

La hija nunca supo lo opresivo que era su tío hasta ese momento. Ni una sola vez salió el tema durante su niñez. Sin embargo, todas las mujeres mayores de la familia lo han sabido, pero han seguido como si nada pasa.

[TÍTULO: UN MONSTRUO ACECHA EN LA CASA DE MUÑECAS]
[GÉNERO: LOKALPOSSE]

L.L. , NIÑA DE 15 AÑOS:

¡Cece me violó! ¡Tenía cuatro años y me violó!

NARRADOR:

La madre de L.L. nunca había esperado oír algo así al recoger a su hija tras una rebelión adolescente. La madre nunca soñó que su hija acusaría a otro miembro de la familia de abusar de ella. Se suponía que el hecho de que L.L. se escapara de casa y probará el alcohol iba a ser un recuerdo divertido al que echar la vista atrás una vez que la madre de L.L. hubiera superado su preocupación y su enfado. No se suponía que en vez fuera una declaración que acabará con el mundo.

La madre de L.L. recuerda lo que sabe de Cece: 33 años, nunca ha tenido un trabajo, sigue viviendo en una de las casas de la familia. Sus hermanas han dicho que todas se sentían incómodas a su alrededor mientras crecían.

LA MADRE DE L.L., CON LAS MANOS TEMBLOROSAS, TIENDE LA MANO A SU HIJA:
Llamaré a la cuñada de mi marido, es abogada y puede ayudarnos.

NARRADOR:

Nunca se presentaron cargos contra Cece. Todos en la familia saben lo que hizo. Aún reside en una de las casas de la familia. Se decidió que lo mejor para L.L. y su madre sería evitar las casas familiares, hasta que las cosas se calmen. ¿Cuándo se calmarán las cosas para L.L.? ¿Cuántas reuniones familiares y vacaciones tendrá que soportar con su violador?

Mensaje de:
Propietario de la Ópera,

Los personajes de estas obras no ven motivos para excusar la violencia machista. Para ellos es algo cotidiano. La alumna violada no es menos inusual que reírse de un chiste que han oido. El marido controlador no es motivo de alarma, de hecho no es el peor de la familia. En lugar de hacer un escándalo total por Cece, es mejor dejar que las cosas se calmen y luego reanudar la vida familiar normal.

¿Qué familia no tiene un pedófilo o dos?

No es necesario que ninguno de estos hechos sea digno de mención.

Pero para usted, querida patrona de ópera, a la hora de elegir qué ver, este humilde propietario le pide que tenga en cuenta las formas en que las mujeres luchan contra este estilo de vida ordinario.

Gracias por venir a la Ópera y esperamos que disfruten de nuestras producciones.

[Géneros:

Burletta - estilo italiano de ópera, utilizado para obras cómicas y satíricas.

Zeitoper - estilo alemán de ópera, traducido como «ópera de los tiempos», las obras incluyen referencias a la tecnología y los escenarios modernos

Lokalposse - estilo alemán de ópera, las obras se centran en la vida cotidiana

Nota para nuestras patronas: Todos las obras están en el estilo del verismo - realismo, cosas verdaderas.]

Legal Spotlight

Legal Spotlight intends to make you aware of foreign legal cases which you might otherwise be ignorant of. Although I have tried to be as accurate as possible, Legal Spotlight should only be the beginning of your reading. Suggestions are always welcome.
Jay.

Intoxicated unnamed woman raped twice by Nischal Chandak, man given bail as ‘she herself invited trouble and was also responsible for the same’ (Tiwari, 2025). In a judgment given by the Allahabad High Court in *Nischal Chandak Vs. State of U.P.*

The court held that because this woman was educated and stayed out drinking with friends until the early hours, ‘she was competent enough to understand the morality and significance of her act’. Although her hymen was found to be torn by a doctor’s examination, the doctor did not say either way as to whether the rape had occurred. The council for Chandak suggested that this was not a case of rape – instead a consensual relationship. Chandak was granted bail.

This was the same High Court, who, in March, ruled that molesting the breasts and removing the lower garment in preparation to rape could no longer be classified as an attempted rape, only ‘preparation’. Further intent would have to be proven for a conviction of attempted rape (Pandey 2025).

This illustrates a worrying trend of lessening the burden of rape from the rapist to the victim, and revictimizing the woman within the legal system. The implication for women is troubling, as this may dissuade rape victims from pressing charges and may embolden men to commit more rapes, and more vicious rapes.

Nischal Chandak Vs. State of U.P., No. 1971 of 2025 (High Court of Allahabad) Available at: Rape victim blame- ALL HC.pdf [Accessed: 14 April 2025].

Pandey, G. 2025. India’s top court halts ‘shocking’ ruling on sexual assault of child. *BBC* 26 March. Available at: Allahabad high court: India's top court halts 'shocking' ruling on sexual assault of child - BBC News [Accessed: 14 April 2025].

In the case of *X v. Y and others* (2023), a judgement was issued by the High Court of Andhra Pradesh, in southern India.

A father has been granted visitation rights to his young son despite being accused murdering his wife (the son’s mother). Within the criminal case for his wife’s murder, it was alleged that his wife ‘was subject to demand of dowry and physical and mental harassment and that she was murdered’ (Arora 2025). Despite his own son deposing against him as an eyewitness, the father was acquitted at trial. At the time of the civil custody case, the criminal appeal was still pending. The son refused to go with the father, and there was evidence of a potential strangulation assault on the boy in an attempt to eliminate the only witness. Despite the court insisting that they hold the child’s welfare to be all important, the court still granted visitation rights to the father, although rejected the appeal for custody (which remained with the maternal relations).

Not only was a woman’s life lost to this man, but he has also now been granted access to his child which he allegedly assaulted and deprived of his mother.

Arora, S. 2025. ‘With Time Bond May Develop’: Andra Pradesh HC Grants Visitation Rights To Father Whose Son Was Witness Against Him in Mother’s Murder Case. *LiveLaw* 14 April. Available at: 'With Time Bond May Develop': Andhra Pradesh HC Grants Visitation Rights To Father Whose Son Was Witness Against Him In Mother's Murder Case [Accessed: 14 April 2025].

X v. Y and others, C.M.A. No. 247 of 2023 (High Court of Andhra Pradesh) Available at: HIGH COURT OF ANDHRA PRADESH:: HYDERABAD [Accessed: 14 April 2025].



"Feminism is hated because

women are hated.

Anti-feminism is a direct

expression of misogyny;

it is the political defense

of women hating"

- Andrea Dworkin



RECOMMENDED READING

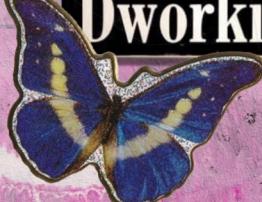
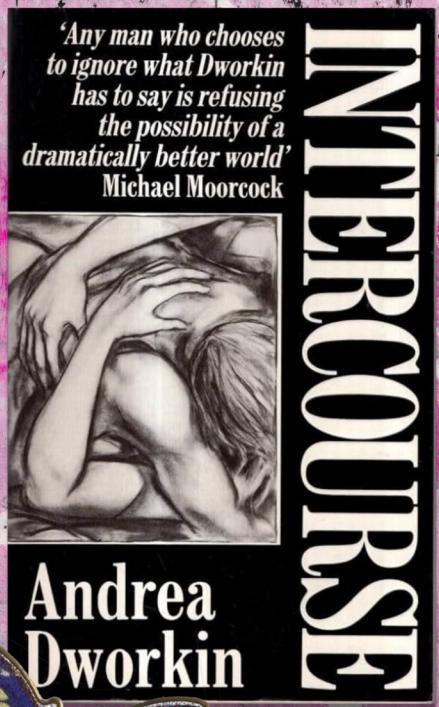
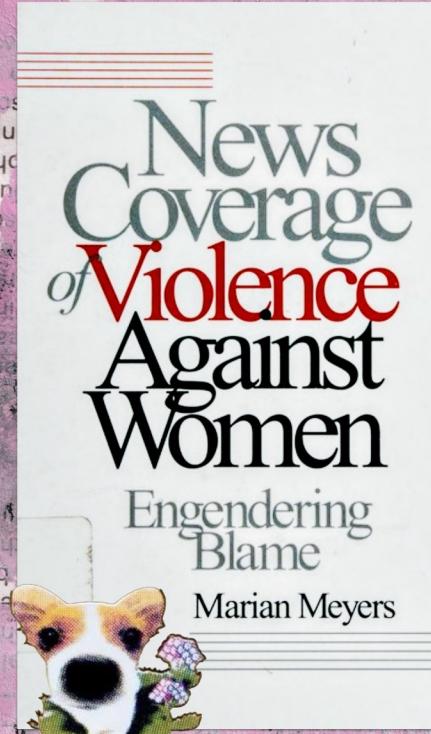
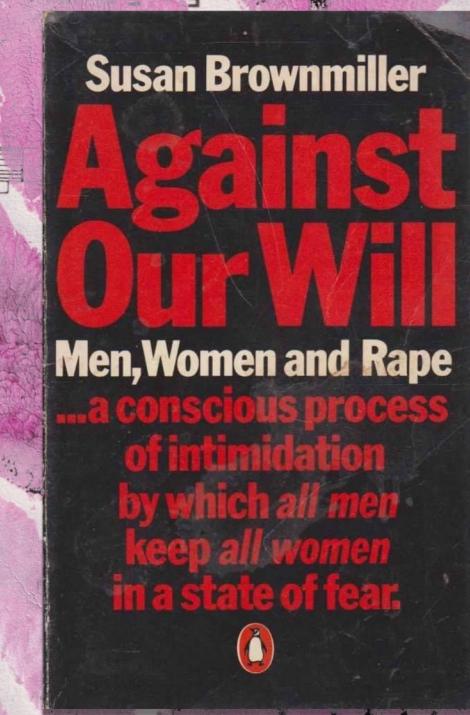


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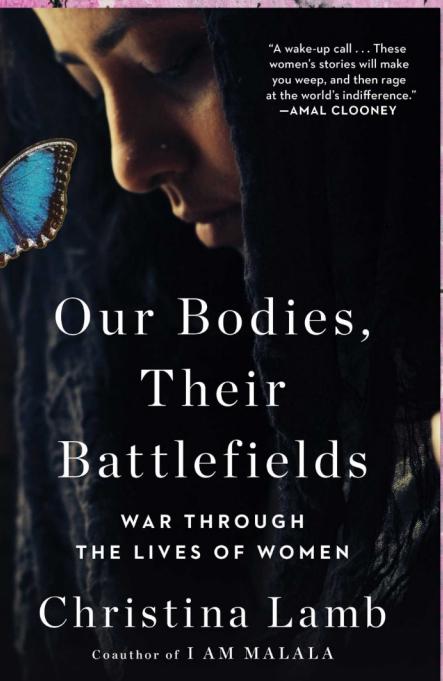
MEN WHO HATE WOMEN & THE WOMEN WHO LOVE THEM

WHEN LOVING HURTS AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHY

DR. SUSAN FORWARD
AND JOAN TORRES



YOU TOLD ME
YOU WERE DIFFERENT
an anthology of harm



"A wake-up call... These women's stories will make you weep, and then rage at the world's indifference."
—AMAL CLOONEY

WOMEN AND DISABILITY

THE JULY/AUGUST ISSUE OF VALERIE
WILL FOCUS ON WOMEN AND DISABILITY

WE ARE ACCEPTING SUBMISSIONS ON

THE INTERSECTION OF ABLEISM AND MISOGYNY

HOW DISABLED WOMENS NEEDS ARE FORGOTTEN BY FEMINISM

HOW DISABLED GIRLS AND WOMEN ARE UNIQUELY VULNERABLE TO SEXUAL ABUSE

THE SOCIAL RISK OF BEING AN AUTISTIC WOMAN AND HOW TO MITIGATE IT

YOUR EXPERIENCE WITH DISABILITY

(PHYSICAL, COGNITIVE/DEVELOPMENTAL / CHRONIC ILLNESS OR PAIN)

NOT BEING TAKEN SERIOUSLY BECAUSE OF YOUR GENDER/DISABILITY /

A COMBINATION OF BOTH

DOCTORS/FAMILY/PSYCHIATRISTS/SOCIAL WORKERS
IGNORING OR DOWNPLAYING YOUR PAIN